



The
Cupar Cracker
Christmas 1943



*A Magazine for Our
Boys and Girls in Uniform*



Honor Roll

KILLED--

Pilot Officer W F Bond, R C A F, February 17, 1942
Pilot Officer A P L Smith, R C A F, April 24, 1942
Sgt Pilot J Sweitzer, R C A F, April 28, 1942
Cpl C J Rooke, R C A F, May 19, 1942.
Pilot Officer Smith Windsor, R C A F, July 2, 1942
Sgt Pilot P W Stewart, December 15, 1942
Sgt Pilot W W Hughes, R C A F, December 17, 1942
Sgt Louis (Oscar) Fulcher, R C A F, April 3, 1943

MISSING

Pilot Officer J S Renouf, April 1, 1943
Flying Officer G L Bolster, April 1, 1943

PRISONERS OF WAR

Sgt J D (Don) Carmichael, R C A F, October 28, 1942
Sgt Gunner W L Smith, R C A F, February 14, 1943

DIED IN SERVICE

Signaller G V Cole, R C G of Signals, May 18, 1942

THE CUPAR CHRISTMAS CRACKER

Published by the Ladies' Auxiliary, B. E. S. L., Cupar, Sask.

December 1943

George A. Riches, Editor

No. 3

Last Christmas those of you who were in England were prepared for any eventuality. By the time this second Christmas Cracker reaches you, many may be under foreign skies putting into effect those things which you have so patiently practiced ever since you took up the torch.

Wherever you are and whatever you may be doing, may this little reminder from home help you to forget your task for a few brief moments.

A few lines from you would be appreciated by the Ladies' Auxiliary through whose efforts the publication of the 'Cracker' is made possible.

Wishing you all the best for Christmas, and a Victorious 1944.

THE EDITOR.



Once again the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion B.E.S.L., Cupar and District, take this opportunity of wishing all the Girls and Boys a Happy and Blessed Christmas with Best Wishes for 1944.

I have lately had the privilege of attending the Ladies' Auxiliary Provincial Convention, and I listened to many wonderful reports, and the main theme of them all was how best the Auxiliaries can serve our girls and boys both now and after the war when they return to home and loved ones.

I hope you will all receive a copy of the Cracker. We sincerely regret that some copies went astray at Easter, and hope they will be more successful this time.

Best wishes to all for Christmas and the New Year and I hope that 1944 will see you all safely home.

ANNIE J. PENFOLD, President.



The Canadian Legion wish you all

A Happy Christmas and a Brighter New Year.

Christmas Messages From the Padres

THE REV. W.J.B. MELOCHE—

Once again the season of Peace on Earth to men of good will, is drawing near. Once again it is impressed upon the minds of all people the necessity of being kindly disposed to our fellows and ever ready to give a helping hand.

Despite the fact that we are in the midst of a dreadful war, I dare to wish you a Happy and Blessed Christmastide. Christmas is the festival of the home; we cannot be with you or you with us in the flesh, but you can rest in the knowledge that we and you are together, closer than at any other time of the year, at Christmastide, in the spirit. Your Christmas will be happy and blessed because we and you worship at the same Throne, for the same reason—the birth of Him who came to show us Peace as we shall know it when you come home.

But Christmas without thoughts of Christ our Saviour is not Christmas at all—it is a coronation without a king, a wedding without a bride.

This season means more than festivity, it means the opening of our hearts to the Divine and Gracious Friend in order that He may teach us to ask:—

“Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me.
Let me be a little meeker
With the Brother who is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.”

May your Christmas be happier and more blessed for the thoughts you may have of those at home who pray for you and wait for you to come back bringing with you the hope that there will be “Peace on Earth to men of Goodwill” in the years to come.



THE REV. FATHER V. L. CAREY—

Summer has passed and the Fall is upon us but by the time you read this, Christmas and the Christmas season will be uppermost in our minds. At such times, my friends, one's thoughts turn to home and our dear ones and the good times we used to have at Christmas. But even here at home those times have passed. The good times have passed but loving memories linger on, and a quiet peacefulness has settled in our minds. While you are far away from home, remember, friends, that Christ, too, left His home to go forth and bring peace into a troubled world just as you are doing today.

Think of Him, my friends, and fill your souls with His graces

and blessings which He bestows on those who seek the true content-
edness that He and He alone can bestow.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each and every one of
you. May God bless and keep you and bring you all back home safe and
sound, when the job is done.



Greetings From the Village of Cupar.

This year the privilege of sending you a message through the
medium of the Cupar Cracker has fallen to the Secretary and it is a
commission which gives me a great deal of pleasure.

You know, we miss you girls and boys in the armed forces more
than we can properly express to you, and Cupar has been' and still
is, a very lonesome place without you. As I sit back and remember
you all, I can in memory see your autographs here and there around
the Village, in the waiting rooms at the rink, the restaurant, the
Village Hall, the High School and other places where you loved to
play your merry pranks, and to say we miss you is putting it very
mildly. It is our fervent hope that you will soon all be back here
again in our midst, we'll be mighty glad to have you.

The good news about Italy getting out of the war leads us to hope
that Christmas of 1944 will witness a world at peace once more and
allow you one and all to return home to us.

On behalf of the Village Councillors I convey to you our sincere
greetings and a hope that Christmas of 1943 will see you all safe and
well, with plenty of good parcels and neway letters from your loved
ones at home.

Your friend, GEORGE E. PENFOLD



From the Rural Municipality of Cupar.

I appreciate the honor that has been given me by the Editor of the
'Xmas Cracker' to address on behalf of the ratepayers of this Mun-
icipality, our boys and girls in the Services, wherever they may be.

With thirty years of services to this Municipality, I believe that
I can express the feelings of those who through circumstances of life
are not in a position to actively assist you with the great task of
our desire, that is, the defeat of our enemies and the safe return
of you to our homes. For ourselves, we are not ashamed of our part
we are trying to do. The Victory Loans and several other worthy Ser-
vices have been unstintingly supported by the whole district and I
feel certain that while we are keeping the home fires burning, that
when you return you will have the support of not only the different
organizations but the efforts of the whole community in assisting
you to re-establish yourself in civil life and peaceful employment.

May the 1943 Christmas be a happy one for you and our wish is that
may you all be home with us before Christmas 1944.

W. T. LEGGETT, Secretary

How Cupar Spent Dominion Day

Three times a day for a week, three broadcasting stations told the people of Saskatchewan that Cupar would celebrate Dominion Day in a way bigger and better than ever.

The week preceding July 1st, was hot, dry and ideal picnicking weather—the kind of weather found nowhere else in the world but on the western prairies.

The local sports committee spent June 30th on the sports ground. The race-track was harrowed and dragged, gopher holes filled in, ball diamonds marked out, booths put in shape.

Secretary Andy Hammond in his little green coupe, dashed hither and thither like a spare adjutant at a General's Inspection. There was not a cloud in the sky.

July 1st dawned dark, damp and dismal. Rain started to fall early, and by 11 o'clock sports, other than aquatic, looked definitely out. At 11:10 the Executive was summoned to Max's Drug store. They arrived wearing wearing slickers, raincoats, and rubbers; one more pessimistic than the rest, wore high rubbers, he was a parson, too.

The question to be decided was of course whether or not to postpone the sports. The fellow with a long memory, reminded them that away back in nineteen umpteen they had just such a morning as this but they decided to carry on and the afternoon turned out swell. 'They'll do it every time.' Every so often, two or three would go to the door to look at the sky, there was no silver lining. Stan Miller stationed himself at the phone and gave Central a ringside account of the proceedings. Finally someone moved that the sports be postponed for one week, and before the motion was seconded, Miller had Central phoning Regina, Dysart and all points west. It was unanimously decided that in spite of !!!! (censored) and high water, the dance would be held as advertised.

Having heard the worst, the Advertising Committee rushed to the Cupar Herald Office, bearded the editor in his den and extracted a promise from him that one hundred bills be ready before train time. So overwhelmed was J.D. Taylor that he dropped the form containing the front sheet of the current week's issue of the Cupar Herald. Somebody had pi for dinner, but the bills went on the train. Smart work, J.D. Late in the afternoon the clouds dispersed and the sun shone derisively on an empty, water-soaked sports ground.

In the meantime, there was consternation among the members of the Ladies' Aid of the United Church, for they had undertaken the task of feeding the hungry crowds on the sports ground and now they found themselves left with enough buns and weiners to satisfy a company of Canadian Commandoes back from a raid. But you can't down a member of the Cupar Ladies Aid that easy. Behold then your mothers, sisters or wives, their arms filled with buns or weiners, soliciting all and sundry to buy before they dry. It is reported on good authority that President Gertie Hammond will never look a hot dog in the face again, by Heck!

The dance was a huge success. The orchestra, which included Lillian Nord, pianist; Wilbur and George Rooke (the latter wears the uniform of the No 12 M.D. Band, Regina), kept things moving at a lively pace.

Among the crowd that jammed the hall, we noticed Corporal Pollock and Private Doris McLay, looking very smart in the uniform of the C.W.A.C. Mack Witzel and Gordon Grant both of the R.C.A.F., were the only two local boys lucky enough to be on leave and they had their arms full most of the evening.

So although many were disappointed, Dominion Day in Cupar ended better than it started and the kiddies still had that quarter tied up in their hankies ready for Sports Day now only six days awa.



Cupar Sports Day

They say, 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good,' and in so far as the Overseas Parcels' Fund was concerned, this proved true, for the postponed Sports Day gave that fund a big boost.

July 7th was a perfect day. Gate receipts were good and the sports events were thoroughly enjoyed.

True there was a noticeable decline in the number of contestants and senior hardball teams were conspicuous by their absence, but the High School teams gave a very good account of themselves and will be ready to take on their big brothers when you get that job finished over there. Southey High School took first money in the Baseball, Lipton second, Markinch third. The Cupar team battled nobly but were knocked cold.

A 'pick up' Cupar Mens' Softball team proved much too good for the 'Hit Boys', and the team from Lupescu.

In the Ladies' Softball tourney, Dysart upheld the good name of their fair city by downing our local girls in the final. Tough luck Cupar.

It was unfortunate the Indians over at Lebret were holding their Sports on the same day as ours, for one of our main attractions has always been the Indian pony race. There were, however, three interesting races. In the half mile, Emmanuel Heisler rode the winner, with Frank Nameth second and Norman Bird third.

In the local half mile race, Doug. Root got away fast and held the to the post, John Desjarlais and Joe Wingert running second and third. The Shetland Pony race, always so popular, had fewer entries than usual, but a good race was won by Johnny Nistor, closely followed by Peter Nistor and Edward Kirchhofer.

An added feature which proved quite thrilling, was a Ladies' bicycle race. Too bad we couldn't get that rural school marm's name that broke the tape first—she sure was apedalling.

The dance in the evening was bigger and better than the July 1st dance but the Ladies' Auxiliary who did the catering, were not patronized as well as they might have been. Oh! well, it was rather 'ot for 'ot dogs.

We managed to get the names of those in uniform for you: J. F. Thompson, a Paratrooper from Southey; Corpl. Sentes, R C A F; Pte. Mike Gulka, Regina Rifles; W. A. Schmidt, Irish Fusiliers—indade, Sapper C. Waldigger, R E, and Mack Witzel, R C A F.



Markinch News Items

Word has been received of the safe arrival overseas of Corporal Max Faibish R C A F.

Corporal Joe Peters has been posted to Labrador. He has left his wife and small daughter at Indian Head.

We are pleased to report complete recovery of F-Sgt. James Seaton after spending a few weeks in a military hospital in Lincolnshire, England.

Friends and relatives of Rolland (Dillo) Fenwick are glad to hear that he likes the warm weather in Sicily. He thinks they have all our flies there but our Mosquitos are flying over Germany.

David Faibish, R C A F, is now stationed at Mossbank as Armourer Instructor. He must like the sand hills.

Ernest Leggett says that after the war he is going to raise chickens as the chicken dinners are too expensive in England and he does not like rabbit.

L A.W. Marjorie Peters paid a surprise visit to her parents last week looking well and happy. She is stationed at Rivers, Manitoba.

L A W. Margaret Ranford was visiting the old burg last week. At present she is stationed at Pierce, Alberta.

A.W.1 Martha Sentes, who is stationed at Rockcliffe, reports that she spent her extended leave at Ottawa and had a good time.

Sgt. Winnie Leggett and Cpl. Georgina Colwill of Ogema, are back after spending their furlough at Vancouver and report that Mossbank does not look so good to them now.

Miss Buddy Seaton has resigned her position with the Royal Bank at Winnipeg and is now spending a few weeks at her home here before taking another position.

We are pleased to report to the boys overseas that the Village Council have added one more street light which will help you forget the Blackout when you return home.



Loon Creek News.

BORN—On September 2nd, to Sergt. and Mrs George Greaver, a son, George Fancourt, weighing 7 pounds, 4 ounces. Mother and baby doing fine. George is serving overseas. As they say in the Old Country, "By George!"

Earleen and Merle Hall, two local Loon Creek girls, are serving the W A A C's in the United States. Merle is a dietician.

Since last issue of the Xmas Cracker quite a number of the South Cupar boys and girls have joined the ranks of the forces, Archie Emery, Arthur Bond, Jacob Mueller, Doug Ellis, Jack McLay, Jimmie Gibson, Miles and Hugh McKinnon, Duncan Scott, Lucille Fisher.

Donald Scott and Clarence Baxter have both been married since last Xmas Cracker, Overseas.

Frances McLay and Dennis Meehan were married last February.

Benny Cashman, his wife and baby, have been visiting friends in Cupar recently.

White Elephants

The Ladies Auxiliary members are once again working for their Annual White Elephant Sale and hope to do great things this time. The old Co Op Store building has been taken down, so the sale will be held in the Recreation Hall for a change, and the date set is October 9th.

There is to be a Farmers' Table which will be loaded with pumpkins and spuds (Mrs. Tom Hesketh please take note) carrots and cucumbers, chickens and cabbages. If butter and cream or meat are brought in, we shall have to follow the example of certain merchants and place them in a dark corner or out in a back room, for all these articles of food come between the covers of our ration books.

If the cream in our coffee or tea is too thick we'll be pinched, so it will have to be well watered, but there will be a good lunch served for all that. Thick cream is too hard on the waist-line anyway, especially on such as Mrs. Riches, Mrs. Jarvis and Mrs. Peters and certain other heavyweights. Of course poor little Mrs. W. Fenwick and Mrs. Albert Scott could be allowed a little of the real McCoy, it couldn't do them any harm anyway.

There will be parcels for the boys overseas, ready to go, and if some members are lucky, or have enough pull, there may even be a few raisins or currants, surely not both, to go in the "fruit" cakes for the boys. We'll have to look into all the dark corners of the stores very soon and see what we can find.



The Hazards of Farming

Men undress for various reasons, to go to bed, before swimming, etc., but George Eckstein undressed much against his will while running a power binder for Ally Lynch recently, and was very lucky indeed to get off without serious injuries. You all know, or perhaps you don't (the writer didn't know) that on a power binder there is a drive shaft between the binder and tractor and on the shaft there is a universal joint which goes round and round while the binder is in motion, and this universal joint is quite a large knuckle with bolts through it and nuts on tother end of the bolts. Anyway this knuckle joint caught George by the leg of his overalls when he was going from tractor to binder and promptly tried to turn him round and round

the shaft. George resisted stoutly and clung to the shaft for the few feet it took Allyn Lynch to find out what was going on. By the time Allyn had the outfit stopped George was undressed from top to boots, even his sock legs being taken off, and then he fell off and managed to roll clear of the machine. He was plucky because when once again able to face the world he went back and worked out the rest of the day on the binder. However, the next day he was so stiff he could scarcely move and had to have a rest and is still limping on one leg to remind him of the episode. It just goes to show that all the danger is not overseas



Cupar on a Saturday Night, by Merle Porteous

In Cupar, Saturday night is the most 'looked forward to' night of the week. It is enjoyed by adults and children alike. We go from store to store in search of the odd chocolate bar which Mr. Ross, Jim Lee or Max may have set out. Going up and down the street more times than you have all week is not unusual, but it seems fun on Saturday night.

Some of the children's pranks on Saturday night date back to the eighteen hundreds. Riding in a wagon is a favorite pastime or cycling around town after dark. You never know when some mischievous lad may put a mouse in your pocket or a lizard down your neck.

Mothers like the grocery stores on Saturday night since they make a favorite meeting place for old timers to whom an apple box is much too hard a chair on any other night.

Dad visits the garage and is quite comfortable 'till eleven thirty, sitting on a pail of grease or some oily repair.

When everybody gets to town, cars line the streets and anything may happen, on Saturday night.

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And speaking of chocolate bars and Saturday night reminds us of a story that is going the rounds. It seems that a certain young Regina lad helping with the harvesting out on the late Dr. Stuart's farm north of town, came in to Cupar late one Saturday night hungry for chocolate. He tried several stores without success. Presently he spied two High School girls—entire strangers to young Alan—eating chocolate bars. With that boldness which characterizes the city dweller, and with his salivary glands working abnormally he approached the two girls and enquired of them where they had bought the bars.

Upon being told that Roberts Bros had plenty, he ran across to the store. A disappointment awaited him for the store was closed and the owner had retired to his rooms above the store for the night. But Alan had to have that chocolate, so he went to the side door and knocked long and loudly.

When Elwood Roberts at long last appeared, the young lad's flagging courage failed him and instead of asking for his heart's desire, he timidly enquired whether it was too late to buy some buns. By this time they were inside the store where he suddenly remembered he was supposed to get two or three chocolate bars as well as the buns.

Alan arrived home very late that Saturday night with a self-satisfied expression on his face, but minus both bars and buns. Moral—You can get anything you want, if you want it badly enough.



For the Folks Back Home

DO'S AND DON'TS FOR LETTER WRITERS

The following suggestions, written by A. D. McGrindle, Senior Overseas Field Supervisor, Canadian Legion War Services, appeared in a recent issue of the Legionary:

KEEP LETTERS BRIGHT

- 1--At all times keep your letters bright and newswy.
- 2--Don't tell them all about your aches and pains.
- 3--Do tell them about the interesting happenings at home. For example:--The dog has had pups, the cat has had kittens, the cows are giving more milk, the hens are laying more eggs, the old mare is back on the job again, you've had the old buggy painted up, etc. Little Jimmie is now using your bike to go to school on but takes good care of it. The boys down at the drugstore, poolroom, elevators, lodge, Legion branch, office, etc., are looking forward to the day when you will be back among them.
- 4--Don't write idle gossip that you overheard about so and so's wife, girl friend, or relatives. It may be absolutely false.
- 5--Do be sure to write and congratulate them on any promotion they may get. Encouragement is the best spur for success. Remember birthdays, anniversaries, coming of age, etc.
- 6--Don't forget to write often, as there is nothing worse than to be in a gang when the mail arrives and there is nothing for you. Never

let your boy feel that he is the forgotten man.

N.B. The same applies to any of you who have daughters in the forces overseas, only more so

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On September 8th at 9:45 a.m., news reached us via C J R M, that Italy had surrendered unconditionally. The first to hear the news were our soap-program listeners, among which there is none more habitual than Max, the druggist. Just as Aunt Lucy had reached the most tragic part of her story, she was interrupted by, "We bring you an important news item, etc.". Max cursed a little under his breath, but when he realized the importance of the news, he forgot all about Aunt Lucy and phoned the Town Secretary, who we are told, almost had to settle with 'Skipper' Miller for a new phone because of his great joy and excitement.

About the same time, someone thought to phone A L Smith on the chance that he had not heard the news. Mrs. Smith answered the phone and when she was told, was so overjoyed--her son Walter is a prisoner of war near Naples, you will remember--she said she would go immediately and find A.L. who was probably a couple of sections away. From 10 a.m. to noon, every place where a radio could be found, was crowded with listeners. Max did a roaring business in milk shakes, (minus ice-cream) while the arm-chair strategists did their stuff. At noon, W L. MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, in a broadcast address, said "Let there be rejoicing", so Geo. E. Penfold, the aforementioned town secretary, arranged with school church and town to ring the bells and set the siren for 3 p.m., the same time as this was being done all over Canada.

The bells rang, the siren wailed to the great amusement of the bell ringers and siren wailers, but not so to those who were not in on it. From the drugstore galloped Max Stuart on the first note of the siren. "Where's the fire?" he asked. Pete Nord tore around the corner on his good leg asking, "Is the school afire?" Pete Segall heard the siren, looked over the store too many customers; so Bob Moffitt was sent to fight fire--no fire--no rest for Bob. Lloyd Porteous who believes three steps saved are an addition of three years on your life, grabbed the phone and asked Central where the fire was. Miller replied, Somewhere near Naples I believe.

The town Cop, etc., Ed. Stadler, was clipping the caragana hedge near the Hi-way. On hearing the siren he ran until he could run no more. When he was about 100 yards from the 'fire station' he was informed there was no fire, it was merely a celebration for the victory in Italy. 'Good!' he panted, 'but I sure sweat'. School janitor, Billy Hughes, busy among his treasured flower beds, sniffed the air as he hot footed his way to the school, several blocks away. Busy housewives, too busy to attend the Red Cross meeting called for 3 o'clock, hurriedly left their ironing boards, and unmindful of unkempt hair, went out in search of news.

The whole thing must have caused a lot of people to 'sweat', for there was certainly a run on Max Stuart's soda fountain; no less than six were drinking at the same time and about the same number were waiting.

But there was one man who neither hurried nor sweated nor bought a milk shake. Just as the siren, the church bell and the school bell ceased their wailing and clanging, F.C. Hesketh, Cupar's Hard-wareman and Undertaker, leisurely sauntered to the door of his store, waited for someone to pass and asked that individual where the fire was.

All we wait for now is the great day when final victory is ours, then we'll really ring and wail and howl.



'Get the butt of your rifle into the hollow of your shoulder' cried the musketry instructor.

'I can't, said the recruit. 'There's a bone there.'

'Oh, is there—and I suppose the rest of the blokes here are filleted!'

Then there was the clergyman of a slightly battered London church who announced: 'Owing to the church being clamp and dammy, the meeting will be hauled in the hell downstairs.'

BEWARE BOYS!

She (ending a quarrel) 'I see now why women are often called birds. He (smartly) 'Yes, because they are always on the lookout for crumbs.'

She (quietly) 'No, it is because of the worms they pick up!'

Question—What does it mean when a married man dreams he's a bachelor
Answer—It means he is due for a great disappointment when he wakes up.

Christmas Greetings

We regret that the Rev. J.G.G. Bompas' message did not arrive in time to be included with the other Padre messages. We are sure Mr Bompas will not mind us telling you a little secret -he was "bringing in the sheaves" from morn even unto night,--Ed.

This is to bring you a word of greeting at Christmas time, but here in Saskatchewan at the time of writing we are still in the midst of Harvest. And a beautiful harvest it is, at least here around Cupar. The weather has been fairly good, and the golden grain is rolling into the bins. The farmers wish it were rolling down to Port Arthur. At any rate there will be no scarcity of wheat for a year or two.

The farmers are short-handed this harvest, and much of their equipment needs to be repaired or replaced. But if it means more men and better equipment for our fighting forces, then we will try to get along this way as long as necessary. The same with butter, sugar and jam. We want our boys and girls in the forces, and especially those on the fighting fronts, to have all they need of the very best, even if we have not quite as much as we were accustomed to. But even at that, we have not lost many pounds in weight, if any.

Since the last Christmas Cracker went out, our Canadian men have been in the fight on most of the battle fronts, from Kiska to Sicily. And we don't mind telling you that the work you have done is the admiration of all who love you, and the envy of those opposed to you, and we know that now, when victory is almost in sight, you will re-double your efforts. We at home are trying to persuade ourselves that we are doing our bit. But we know it is nothing compared with what you are doing. Still we want you to know that we are behind you.

I know you would say that if we could see what war is and how it is carried on we would not think there was anything very religious about it. But everything, even war, has its religious side; and this war is more and more assuming a moral and religious aspect. Don't forget that you are fighting for justice and decency; and the triumph of our forces will mean victory for righteousness. Therefore "Be strong in the Lord!"

We wish you a good Christmas wherever you are. And maybe you will be home for Christmas next year.

Yours very sincerely, J.G.G. BOMPAS.

Will Canada Be Kind?

Canadians at home may wonder what their boys overseas with the army have been thinking these past three years; what changes England has wrought in their mental outlook. Here is the answer from a soldier-editor formerly on "The Flare", a weekly in the Turner Valley, Alta. He now edits "The Glen", overseas publication of the Calgary Highlanders. His story was written for the Canadian Press, and appeared in the August issue of "The Legionary."

We have been in England a long time - three years and more for most of the Canadian Army overseas. We have gone through a process of adjustment to a different country and we have lived a new mode of life. Time has brought a consciousness that we have changed in thought, in ideas and in viewpoint. Frankly, this has left us puzzled.

For we are Canadians and Canada is our homeland. We have had to settle down in a strange country and yet we know we are not of it. Almost we have evolved a world of our own amongst ourselves. Yet eventually we know we will have to adjust ourselves to live in Canada; and we are aware that life in Canada, as we knew it, has changed.

Sometimes we think we are even more Canadian than the Canadians back home. We note the vigorous manhood arriving fresh from Canada and we know we are different. They have what we have lost and we have something they have not.

For we know most of the angles here and we know them in Canada. We have sized up the good and the bad of both sides of the ocean; and our viewpoints have broadened. What have we lost?

Most apparent is the enthusiasm and zest of a "new land"; the keenness to be doing things; the incentive to battle with circumstances and environment and gleefully triumph; and a sincerity of purpose. We think back to when we courted chance as the dynamics of life. Perhaps it is the climate here, or perhaps it is the prevailing tempo. At any rate our reactions have moderated. Time no longer seems a matter of concern. The struggle against elements we no longer know, for this climate is comfortable and the army is all-providing. So what to us was once the zest in life has lost its point. Life for us has slowed down; and we don't like it. At times we catch ourselves admitting that if England has taught us nothing else it has taught us how to live. But it is the way of an "old" land, and we shall return to a "new."

So we wonder—Will Canada be kind to us? England has been kind. Is Canada still a place for the "little man?" We don't really ask for much, for our ambitions have been dulled. In fact it is quite simple. A small home and the opportunity to earn a modest living. We have met the "little" man of this island and he appears content. We know that there are many like him here, and that Canada is a vast land with few people. We tell ourselves that it is within reason that the "little man" in Canada should find contentment. Yet will he be understood?

Canada Will Be Kind

The Cupar Cracker replies to Sgt. Jack Lee's thought provoking article, "Will Canada Be Kind?"

During the last Great War, one of the many recruiting posters which were plastered all over the countryside, carried the picture of a young boy with his father. The slogan under the picture read, "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" Today that unborn boy has become a living reality, grown to man's estate. So far life has not been particularly kind to him. His youth was spent riding the rods in search of a job. Today finds him struggling in the maelstrom of another bloody war, and out of the agony of his soul he cries, "Will Canada be kind?"

What is the answer going to be this time? Last time many of us had to give an evasive answer. But then we had a mythical boy to deal with. That boy is now a mature man wise to a way of life, in a truly democratic country, a country which he himself admits has been kind to him, has taught him how to live.

Will Canada be kind? or will her returned heroes have to fight for their rights, as their fathers did before them?

We have sufficient faith in Canada to believe that this time her sons and daughters will be treated kindly, that a place will be found for each and every one of them. Post-war planning is well under way and some of the best brains in the country are giving of their time and talent to ensure its success.

"A committee has been appointed by the Dominion Government to insure rehabilitation by means of investigating undertakings of a national as well as private character whereby conditions may be improved and people employed. In Saskatchewan a Provincial Committee has been appointed whose function is to try to get a bird's eye view of the Saskatchewan picture, estimate what enterprises of a local nature can be undertaken immediately after the war, what enterprises need Government aid, etc., and the approximate number of men who can be employed in these various activities from time to time."

The above paragraph was taken from a small booklet entitled, "Post War Planning," published by the Saskatchewan Veterans Rehabilitation Committee.

Walter T. Leggett, Secretary of the Cupar Municipality, in his message to you, promises, "That when you return you will have the

support of not only the different organizations but the efforts of the whole community in assisting you to re establish yourselves in civil life and peaceful employment.''

So many of us are determined that you shall not be disappointed that we feel safe in saying to you, Canada is going to see that the 'little man' shall be given the opportunity to earn a modest living. That is the least we can do to repay you for past and present debts.



Clippings From the Cupar Herald

W. D. Brown, grainbuyer for the Pool Elevator Company, met with a serious accident recently. He fell from a box car which was being loaded at the elevator. He was taken to the Southey hospital where it was found his arm was broken. He was later taken to the General Hospital, Regina, where an X Ray examination was made. It was discovered that in addition to a badly broken wrist there was a couple broken vertebra. He is doing as well as can be expected.''

Comment—As we go to press, we are glad to announce that Mr. Brown is making steady progress towards recovery.—(Ed).

A very impressive memorial service for the late Sergt. Louis Fulcher, R C A F, was held in St. Mary's Anglican Church, Cupar, on Sunday, August 1. The Rev. W J B Meloche officiated and was assisted by W D Brown. Members of the local branch of the Canadian Legion and Ladies' Auxiliary attended in a body. The eulogy was read by R J Gibson, president of the Cupar and District Branch of the Canadian Legion, and the Last Post was sounded by Clarence Hesketh. Although the roads were bad the church was filled to capacity, showing the esteem in which Oscar was held by all who knew him.

Bennie Cashman came home to Cupar on Friday last. He was an instructor in the artillery at Camp Shilo. He met with a serious accident a short time ago in an explosion. He is recovering, but is still using crutches.



WAS HER FACE RED?

Customer in Ross' store. Oh! I see you have some canned tomatoes now. Willa—"Yes, but they are frozen."

Customer—"What next is this blessed government going to do? Fancy sending out frozen tomatoes."

Willa, (icily) "I mean we are not allowed to sell them yet."

IN THE BAHAMAS

LATEST ENLISTMENTS

[illegible]

